

COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN.

Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature, Arts, Science, Business and General intelligence.

ULYSSES WARD, Editor and Proprietor.

[DAILY.]

Rev. J. T. WARD, Assistant Editor.

VOL. I. NO. 271.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1846.

PRICE ONE CENT.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,

EDITED AND PUBLISHED DAILY
BY ULYSSES WARD.

ASSISTED BY HIS SON,
REV. J. T. WARD.

At One Cent per Number.

THE WEEKLY FOUNTAIN,

At 3 cents per number, \$1 per year.
3 subscribers, \$2.

Office on Pennsylvania avenue, a few
doors East of the Railroad.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square of 14 lines, 1 insertion	37 cts.
1 do " " 2 insertions	62 "
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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publisher. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

The Eastern Mail for Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, closes at 4 1/2 and 9 P. M. daily, except on Saturday nights. No mails sent East of Baltimore on Sunday morning.

The mails from the above cities arrive daily at 9 A. M. and 8 P. M. except Sunday night. The Western Mail closes at 9 P. M. and arrives at 8 P. M. daily.

The Southern Mail closes at 8 A. M. and arrives at 5 P. M. daily.

Office open from 7 1/2 A. M. to 9 P. M. daily, except Sunday, on which day it is open from 7 1/2 A. M. to 10 A. M., and from 12 M. to 1 P. M., and from 7 to 9 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

R. FINLEY HUNT,
RESIDENT DENTIST.
WASHINGTON CITY,
Pennsylvania Avenue, between 9th & 10th st. cts
April 26-47.

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DR. PHILANDER GOULD offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington. Office on Pennsylvania avenue, opposite Messrs. Brown's Hotel, April 11-6m

MEDICAL CARD.
DR. ALFRED H. LEE tenders his professional services to the citizens of Washington and its vicinity. Office H street, near 7th, July 18-6m

J. ROBINSON & CO.
Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, Louisiana Avenue, opposite Bank of Washington.

REGULAR sale days (opposite Centre Market) Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. All sales of Real Estate, Furniture and personal property attended to on the most reasonable terms. June 16

JOHN EDGAR'S Musical Academy G street near 11th. J. E. will give instruction upon the Piano, Guitar, Flute, Violin, and also in vocal music. Terms \$12 per quarter. Sept 11-17

ENGRAVING AND COPPERPLATE PRINTING, BY
J. V. N. THEROP,
Pennsylvania avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, near the Capitol. Nov. 4-7

CHARLES PASCOE, Boot and Shoe Store on seventh street, between D and E streets. On hand a general assortment of all articles kept in a Boot and Shoe store, which are offered at prices that cannot fail to please.

A Card.

THE undersigned, considering himself duly qualified, offers his services to the citizens of Washington for the drawing of plans and specifications of dwelling or other houses, and also as measurer of builders' work. Charges moderate. H may be consulted between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock, A. M., at Mr. Purdy's Office, Lumber Yard, 7th street, Market-House square. Feb 27-47 **JOHN C. HARKNESS.**

Fine Watch Repairing.

CHRONOMETER, Duplex, Lever, Lepine, Repeating and Music Watches, accurately repaired, also common Watches, Clocks, and Music boxes, put in order, at the sign of the Watch, with the guard, key, and chain, north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, between second and third streets. By **CHAUNCEY WARRINER.**

HATTERS.

STEVEN'S & EMMONS will introduce the "Autumn" fashions for Gents Hats on Saturday Sept. 5.

In accordance with our usual custom we shall introduce simultaneously, "Leary's" and Beebe & Costor's fashions.

Gentlemen who have their sizes registered with us will forward their orders.

Sales Rooms Nos 1 & 2, Browns Hotel.

CIRCULARS, etc. etc.

Neatly printed at this office.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHEAP FOR CASH!!

L. S. BECK,

House-Furnishing Store, Pennsylvania

Avenue, South side, between 9th and 10th streets, Washington.

I have on hand new and second-hand goods: such as Bedsteads, Beds, and Bedding; Tables, Chairs, Bureaus and Sideboards; China, Glass, and Crockeryware, Cutlery, Hollow-ware of every variety, Shovels and Tongs, Carpets, Brooms, Brushes, Willow and Woodenware; with a variety of articles too numerous to mention. Apr 16

BENJAMIN HOMANS,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant, Between 10th and 11th Streets, fronting Pennsylvania Avenue.

Sales of Real Estate, Furniture, and Personal Property, attended to at any place within the city. March 9-47

DENNIS PUMPHREY'S Livery Stable, corner of 6th and C streets. Horses and Carriages to hire. Horses taken at livery, and kept in the best manner.

A. GLADMON,

House Carpenter and Joiner. Shop corner of 9th and M streets, Washington. Where, at all times, Sash, Blinds, Doors, &c., can be had. All manner of work in his line will be executed at the shortest notice.

HOMOEOPATHY.—Dr. Jonas Green, (late of Philadelphia), tenders his professional services to the citizens of Washington and its vicinity, as a practitioner of the Homoeopathic system of medicine. His residence is on C street, near 3d. Dec 23-47

BRISCOE & CLARKE, Dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., Pennsylvania avenue, a few doors west of Brown's Hotel.

ISAAC STODDARD.—Blacksmithing in general, on Four and a half, between E and F sts. Work done cheap.

WILLIAM P. SHEDD,

Old Centre Market, opposite J. Walker's. KEEPS constantly for sale all kinds of fresh meats; meat well dressed, and at moderate prices. March 11-47

PRESLEY SIMPSON, Pennsylvania Avenue, North side, 2d door east of 11th street, keeps a general assortment of Family Groceries.

ANDREW J. JOYCE, Horse Shoeing and Smithing Establishment, successor to John Daley, corner of 14th and E streets, near Fuller's Hotel. Thankful for the patronage he has received from a liberal public, he solicits a continuance of the same.

W. H. GUNNELL.—Dealer in Lumber, Lime, Wood, &c. Corner of Canal and 6th streets, near Pennsylvania Avenue.

DR. HAMILTON P. HOWARD, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Washington, D. C. He may be found at Dr. F. Howard's, N. E. corner of F and 11th sts. Dec 2-

RICHARD VANSAN F,

Merchant Tailor and Gentlemen's furnishing store, Pennsylvania avenue, between 14th and 15th streets, and adjoining Fuller's Hotel. March 12-47

W. M. NOELL, Venetian Blind maker, south side Pennsylvania avenue, between 9th and 10th streets. Blinds of all sizes and colors, furnished to order. Old blinds retimbered and painted.

JONATHAN T. WALKER.—House carpenter and joiner on K street, shop corner K and 8th streets.

FRANCIS Y. NAYLOR,

Copper, Tin, Sheet-Iron and Stove Manufacturer. Roofing, Gutting, Spouting, &c. South side Pennsylvania avenue, near Third-street, Washington, City, D. C.

C. H. VAN PATTEN, M. D., Dentist, PERFORMS all operations upon the Teeth. Gums and Mouth, with the greatest care and skill. Office near Brown's Hotel, and next door to Todd's Hat Store. Feb 25-1y

I. S. BALL,

Dealer in Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars, Pennsylvania Avenue, between Fuller's & Gallabran's Hotel. April 22.

I. S. BALL also repairs Watches and Jewelry. April 22-47

EARTHENWARE, CHINA AND GLASS, PURSELL, Importer and Dealer in E. Ware, China and Glass, wholesale and retail, at his store, opposite Brown's Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue, Washington city, D. C.

CUPPING, LEECHING AND BLEEDING. A large supply of best Swedish Leeches, already on hand, to be applied or for sale, by **SAM'L. DEVAUGHN,** 9th street. Who also has ICE for sale whenever called for, as above. April 2-47

W. WHITNEY.—Boot and Shoe Dealer, opposite Brown's Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, has received his fall stock of Boots and Shoes suitable for plantation use, he invites the attention of those who wish such articles, and promises them good bargains.

GEORGE COLLARD,

DEALER IN LUMBER, WOOD, COAL, LIME SAND, AND CEMENT. Corner of 6th st. and Missouri Avenue. Nov. 4

D. CLAGETT & CO.,

DEALERS IN FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, CURTAIN STUFFS, &c. Corner of 9th street & Penn. avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FURNITURE.—New and second hand, daily received. For sale, on reasonable terms, by **B. HOMANS,** April 13. Between 10th and 11th streets.

J. E. W. THOMPSON, CABINET MAKER & UNDERTAKER F between 13th and 14th sts. Nov. 4-7

POETRY.

Its words

Are few, but deep and solemn, and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling.—Percival.

For the Columbian Fountain.

FLOWERS.

Beautiful flowers! wherever ye bloom,
With your soft-tinted leaves and fragrant perfume,
Whether in spring ye come forth from the ground,
Or when autumn scatters her dead leaves around,
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,
Beautiful flowers! I love ye well.

Behold a young girl, in her mirthful play,
Laughing the hours of childhood away,
The light winds are waving her sunny hair,
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air,
While her fair hands are twining, from summer
bowers,
Wild blooming wreaths of the beautiful flowers.

The scene has now changed, for years have flown;
That gay laughing girl to a woman has grown;
And her lover is there, who fain would tell
The secret their eyes have revealed too well!
But flowers he plants in her snowy vest,
And their eloquent leaves have his love confessed.

'Tis a bridal morn, and loudly swells
A merry peal from the old church bells;
The white robed bride is smiling now,
'Neath a budding wreath from the orange bough;
And bright eyed maidens before her strew
Beautiful flowers of every hue.

There's a voice of sorrow for time hath fled,
A wife and a mother lie cold and dead;
They've laid her to sleep in her endless rest;
With a young babe clasped to her marble breast;
And the flowers are there with their perfume'd
breath,
Decking the bud and blossom in death.

In the green church yard is a lonely spot,
Where the joyous sunshine enters not;
Deep in the gloom of the cypress shade,
There is her home in the cold earth made,
And over her still the sweet flowers bloom,
They were near her in life and forsake not her tomb.

Beautiful flowers! ye seem to be
Linked in the fond ties of memory?
Companions ye were to our childhood's day,
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay,
And barren and drear were this wide world of
ours,
Lacking the smile of the beautiful flowers!

F. E. B.

North Yarmouth, Me., Oct. 24th 1846.

COMMUNICATIONS.

NIGHT RAMBLES IN WASHINGTON.

It was a cold and disagreeable night in the Spring of '44, when every surrounding object of nature was dressed in the gloomy garb of those cheerless nights which carry with them sorrow and anguish into the habitations of the disconsolate and poverty-stricken, who alone feel the sting of penury and want—a night which appeared to envelope earth and heaven in universal gloom.

Dark and lowering lay the tempest over the scene I am now about to describe. The object was concealed from human vision. The clouds seemed as if unable longer to contain the liquid element, and gave way at last, pouring down the heavy shower through the impenetrable gloom, upon reposing nature. It was a solemn, a melancholy hour; the dead hour of midnight; when not a sound was to be heard save the slow and steady step of the watchmen, whose keen vision, seeming to pierce even the thick darkness surrounding them, fell upon an object which attracted their deepest attention and challenged their astonishment. They paused a moment. The object seemed motionless—dead. They ventured to touch it, as if actuated by a supernatural impulse, and the mystery was revealed. It was a human being—an unfortunate woman. Their minds revolted to find her there, familiar as they were with such scenes. "Here?" they thought, "is a woman lying, such the dead hour of night, upon the cold, damp ground. How came she here?" and many such reflections passed through their minds.

Further developments increased their wonder. Her attire proved to be of the most costly material. Her cloak was such as are generally worn by the rich, but literally torn to pieces. But see! the puzzle is solved—she is drunk—yes DRUNK! She who, by a prudent and virtuous course of life, would have been an ornament to society, a gem in the refined associations of life—she is become an outcast by reason of intoxication! She might have exhibited the beautiful graces of virtuous female character; but our hearts sink, and we become disgusted, as we behold the degraded condition in which she now appears.

The watchmen lifted her up out of the "horrible pit" into which she had fallen, and conducted her to the watch house.

Now the scene changes. The unfortunate one throws herself upon her couch—such an one as the house for stragglers afforded—such an one as those unhappy beings, singularly situated with the one we are speaking of, spend many a quietless hour upon. Here, for the space of an hour, she lay in a state of insensibility, when, suddenly, as if awaking from a dream, she asked for a little water to quench the raging thirst created by the poisonous beverage she had drunk. Such a thirst always accompanies the drunkard. O, the vice of drunkenness! It strikes a death-blow at the best interests of any community where it is suffered to exist. An instance of its effects; a sad instance; is before us. Here is one who, by her own act and deed, has turned her admiring nature into brutishness. She gave the following narrative:

My name is ——— (her name before marriage.) I came from ———, the place where I was born, the offspring of parents who loved me with a tender affection. Upon me was staid their hope of future happiness, doating upon me, the idol of their hearts, they suffered me to indulge in all the pleasures of the day, which one would suppose would have had a tendency to lure me into scenes of sanity; but these innocent pleasures had no such effect on me, and many are the happy hours I have spent in this way, with the young of my acquaintance, and the dear associates of my youthful days. A stranger to care, I had never felt one pang of sorrow or disappointment. Thus passed the golden hours of my life away in virgin innocence; and oh, when I contemplate the past; when I cast my thoughts back upon the scenes of my youth, the home of my childhood, and retrospect the hours of my past happiness and joy, my heart shrinks within me—alas, they are gone, never to return; but oh, the recollection pierces me through with a thousand sorrows—my happiness is gone forever.

The society in which I moved brought me many new acquaintances, and on one occasion, I shall never forget it, I was introduced to a young man by the name of ———, from a neighboring city. While in his company, I experienced some strange and unusual sensations—a passion, which developed itself to me with such irresistible power as to take entire possession of all the sensibilities of my youthful nature, and I at once became captive to one of the most endearing passions that can actuate the human heart. What tongue can express, what mind can conceive the bliss of a tender and reciprocal affection.

I loved him then—I love him still, above all other objects on earth, and shall so continue to do until my latest breath. I loved him for his many virtues; for his warm attachment to me; the kind, tender, affectionate conduct which he manifested towards me under every circumstance and upon all occasions—but these unwelcome remembrances are bitter drugs in my cup of misery, which only serve to rob me of the little comfort remaining to me, and make me miserable beyond expression.

Here, overcome with emotion, she paused a moment and then proceeded—

After our marriage, we proceeded to our residence, where we lived together in uninterrupted harmony. It was in ———, where the bliss of conjugal union with me had its beginning, and where were consummated the joys of domestic life. The associations of my husband were extensive and most respectable, and many are the happy hours that I have spent in the social circle, with our friends and acquaintances. The time passed pleasantly away, for it pleased kind heaven to smile upon us, and to bless us with plenty, prosperity, and happiness. But why should I dwell longer upon that happy season of my life? My story is one of woe. We are too apt, whilst rambling along the pleasing walks of life, plucking from the blooming foliage of nature the sweet flowers that strew our pathway, to imagine our happiness so durable that nothing can dispossess us of our earthly blessings! Such were the convictions of my youthful mind; but sad experience has now changed the aspect! Yes, when I was attending to the duties and enjoying the tranquil blessing of domestic life—in an unguarded moment, when I least suspected danger near—a villain, yes, a demon, in the shape of a man, with his alluring enchantments and villainous devices; like Satan, who in the lovely walks of Paradise beguiled our first parents; so this man, the pretended friend of my husband, seduced me! and bore me from him. Yes, it was with that wretch I left my peaceful abode, the home of my happiness. O abandoned mother! O my tender child, the offspring of my youth! O the companion of my bosom! Will the sun of heaven ever dawn upon the morn that I can call him mine again—that will restore me to my once fond and affectionate family? Will these eyes ever again be permitted to gaze upon the manly face of my once kind and tender husband? No, no, the fearful forebodings of a guilt-stricken conscience warn me of our final and eternal separation. I can but invoke the cold hand of death to put an end to my sufferings—to remove me from this wearisome scene of ruined prospects and blighted hopes, perhaps, to a place still more awful—where the light of heaven will never cast one ray of hope upon my unhappy condition—where mercy is a stranger—where the enduring remembrance of one act of disobedience will never cease to torment and vex my soul.

The above facts should teach all to avoid that demon—Drunkenness, in whose train follows every vice.

COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN.

From a volume of Sketches.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I remember some years since to have seen John Randolph in Baltimore. I had frequently read and heard description of him, and one day, as I was standing in market, now Baltimore street, I remarked a tall, thin, unique looking being hurrying towards me with a quick impatient step, evidently much annoyed by a crowd of boys who were following on his heels, not in the obstreperous mirth with which they would have followed a crazy or drunken man, or organ grinder and his monkey, but in the silent, curious wonder with which they would have haunted a Chinese decked in full costume. I instantly knew the individual to be John Randolph, from the descriptions. I therefore advanced towards him to make a full observation of his person without violating the rules of courtesy in stopping to gaze at him. As he approached, he occasionally turned toward the boys with an angry glance, but without saying anything, and then hurrying on as if to outstrip them, but it would not do. They followed close on behind the orator, each one observing him so intently that each one said nothing to his companions. Just before I met him he stopped a Mr. D., a Cashier of one of the Banks, and said to be as odd a fish as John himself. I loitered in a store close by, and, unnoticed, remarked the Roanoke orator for a considerable time, and really, he was the strangest looking being I ever beheld.

His long thin legs, about as thick as a strong walking cane, and of much such a shape, were encased in a pair of light small clothes, so tight that they seemed part and parcel of the limbs of the wearer. Handsome white stockings were fastened with great tidiness at the knees, by a small gold buckle, and over them, coming about half way up the calf, were a pair of what, I believe, are called hose, coarse and country knit. He wore short—they were old fashioned, and fastened only with buckles—huge ones. He trod like an Indian, without turning his toes out, planking them down straight ahead. It was the fashion in those days to wear a fan tailed coat, with a small collar and buttons far apart behind, and a few on the breast. Mr. R's were the reverse of all this, and instead of his coat being fan tailed, it is what we believe the knights of the needle call swallow tailed. The buttons behind were in kissing proximity, and they sat together as close on the breast of the garment as the fasteners at a crowded public festival. His waist was remarkably slender; so slender that, as he stood with arms akimbo, he could easily, as I thought, with his long and bony fingers, have spanned it.

Around him, his coat, which was very tight, was held together by one button, and in consequence, an inch or more of tape, to which it was attached, was perceptible where it was pulled through the cloth. He wore a large white cravat, in which his chin was occasionally buried, as he moved his head in conversation; no shirt collar was perceptible; every other person seemed to pride himself on the size of his, as they

were then worn large. Mr. Randolph's complexion was precisely that of a mummy—withered, saffron, dry, and bloodless.—You could not have placed a pin's point on his face where you would not have touched a wrinkle. His lips were thin, compressed and colorless; the chin, beardless as a boy's, was broad for the size of his face, which was small; his nose was straight, with nothing remarkable in it, except it was too short. He wore a fur cap which he took off, standing a few minutes uncovered. I observed that his head was quite small; a characteristic which is said to have marked many men of talent. Byron and Chief Justice Marshall, for instance.

MARY.—Who does not love the common yet beautiful name, Mary? It is from the Hebrew, and means a "tear drop." What sweet and joyous hours of other days—what pleasing associations does not the very name call up in every heart! Who knows aught ill of Mary! Who that does not love the name? If there is any thing gentle and valued and womanly, what Mary that possesses it not? Was it not Mary who was

'Last at the cross,

And earliest at the grave?
And was not Mary the mother of our Saviour of the world?

THE WORK OF THE RUMSELLER. A friend informs us of an affair which happened recently at Hollidaysburg, in this state. A man sold a horse to his son and was paid. Some time afterwards, while under the influence of liquor, he told his son, who was on the horse at the door of his father's house that it was time the horse was paid for. The son told him it was paid for, and that he had a receipt. The father became enraged, and went into the house and brought out a double barreled gun, and shot the horse and then his rider, killing them both! He is in jail awaiting his trial.

If the rumseller is not a murderer, how far is he from in a case such as this?
(Pledge and Standard.)

A GOOD SUGGESTION. It is proposed by several of our prominent temperance men, to petition the Common Council to close the grog-shops and widows on the Sabbath, and also to close all the groceries each night in the week, after 11 o'clock. The plan is certainly a good one, and we hope to see it promptly and extensively carried out.—Cata-ract.

The Albany, N. Y., Knickerbocker, tells of a drunken fellow who, being brought before the Police and not able to give his name, was christened John Doe, and locked up to get sober.

DROPPED DEAD.—On Tuesday last, one of the waiters at the Astor Hotel dropped dead whilst waiting on the table.

As he was falling he exclaimed to his fellows—
"Good bye, boys—I'm going!" and instantly expired.

WASHINGTON AGENCY

OF THE
Aetna Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut.

APPLICATION for insurance, or the renewal of policies, and all business connected with the office, may be made to the subscriber, agent of the Company for the District of Columbia, and vicinity, with full power to receive and issue policies on terms as favorable as any other office.

D. A. HALL, Agent.

Washington, 1st April, 1846.

This Company was incorporated in 1818, with a perpetual charter, and a capital of \$250,000, with liberty to increase to \$500,000, and insure against loss or damage by fire, on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Manufacturing Establishments, Household Furniture and Merchandise in general, on the most favorable terms.

The ample means and successful business of the Company, has enabled it to pass through many extensive conflagrations, and to meet its losses with the most satisfactory promptness; and any losses which it may sustain on risks taken at this Agency, will be liberally adjusted by the agent, according to the usage of the best Fire Companies, and paid with promptness in current funds.

In case differences should arise touching any loss or damage, the Company is pledged, by a resolution of the Board of Directors, to submit the same to arbitrators, indifferently chosen; or, at the option of the assured, the jurisdiction of the proper Court of this city will be acknowledged.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Thomas K. Brace,	Samuel Tudor,
Griffin Stedman,	Joseph Morgan,
James Thomas,	Ward Woodbridge,
Joseph Church,	Silas B. Hamilton,
Frederick Tyler,	Robert Buel,
Samuel E. Broughton,	Miles A. Tuttle,
E. White,	John L. Boswell,
Ebenezer Flower,	Joseph Pratt,
Thomas K. Brace, President.	
S. L. Loomis, Secretary.	May 1-taw2m.

SPOONS.

A NEW and beautiful article of Table, Desert, and Tea Spoons, warranted equal to real silver at one-fifth the cost. Just received and for sale by **E. WHEELER,** Oct 10-1m Penn. avenue, near 7th st.

SPLENDID.

ARCHERS highly improved Jet Black Varnish for the use of Boot, Shoe, Harness and Trunk makers, Preserving the leather and giving to all kinds of black leather a splendid polish, and is admitted by all who have tried it, to be superior to any in market. It is made and sold by the subscriber, wholesale and retail, at the Shoe store of Mr. Lewis Paynes, opposite the Farmers' and Mechanics' bank.

Georgetown—Sept 23-1m

W. LANG